"Red Riding Hood" An early nineteenth-century versified English version
Source: *Merveilles & contes*, Vol. 6, No. 1 (May 1992), pp. 89-94
Published by: Wayne State University Press
Stable URL: http://www.jstor.org/stable/41390336
Accessed: 17-02-2016 00:50 UTC

Your use of the JSTOR archive indicates your acceptance of the Terms & Conditions of Use, available at http://www.jstor.org/page/info/about/policies/terms.jsp

JSTOR is a not-for-profit service that helps scholars, researchers, and students discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content in a trusted digital archive. We use information technology and tools to increase productivity and facilitate new forms of scholarship. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Wayne State University Press is collaborating with JSTOR to digitize, preserve and extend access to *Merveilles & contes*.

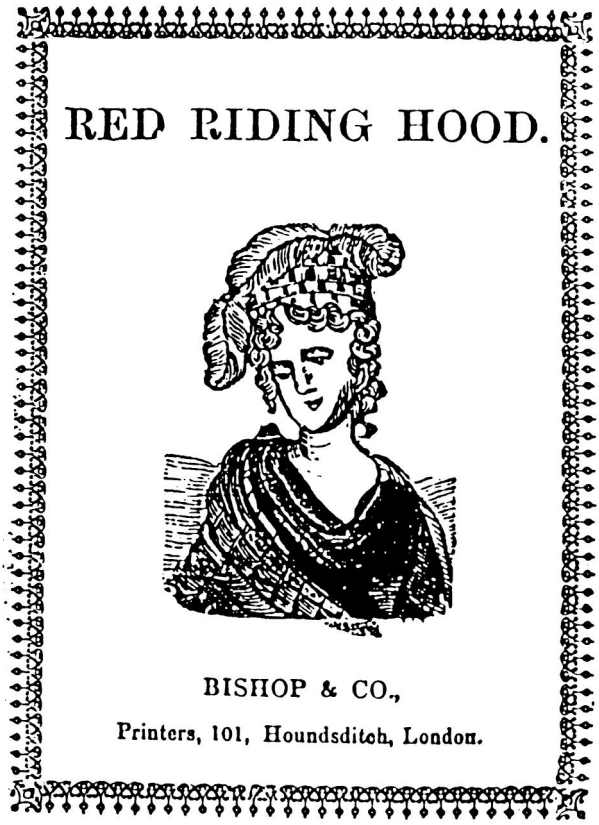
http://www.jstor.org

This content downloaded from 216.165.126.13 on Wed, 17 Feb 2016 00:50:17 UTC
All use subject to JSTOR Terms and Conditions

"Red Riding Hood"

An early nineteenth-century versified English version

Courtesy Professor Michael J. Preston,
University of Colorado



This content downloaded from 216.165.126.13 on Wed, 17 Feb 2016 00:50:17 UTC
All use subject to JSTOR Terms and Conditions

RED RIDING HOOD.

In a little thatched cot, by
the side of a wood,
Liv'd an innocent lass, Little
Red Riding Hood.
You'd scarce find her equal
the neighbours all say,
So kind and obedient, so
cheerful and gay.

This content downloaded from 216.165.126.13 on Wed, 17 Feb 2016 00:50:17 UTC
All use subject to JSTOR Terms and Conditions

So he open'd the door,
Ran up stairs with speed,
Poor Grandmamma was
Much frighten'd indeed.

But he tore her to pieces,
Oh! merciless beast,
To make of a poor
Harmless Lady a feast.

Then he put the old lady's
Nightcap on his head,

This content downloaded from 216.165.126.13 on Wed, 17 Feb 2016 00:50:17 UTC
All use subject to JSTOR Terms and Conditions

And cunningly slipped
Himself into the bed;

When Red Riding Hood knocked,
As she'd oft done before;
Says the Wolf, pull the bobbin,
'Twill open the door.
Then up stairs she went,
And was struck with surprise,

This content downloaded from 216.165.126.13 on Wed, 17 Feb 2016 00:50:17 UTC
All use subject to JSTOR Terms and Conditions

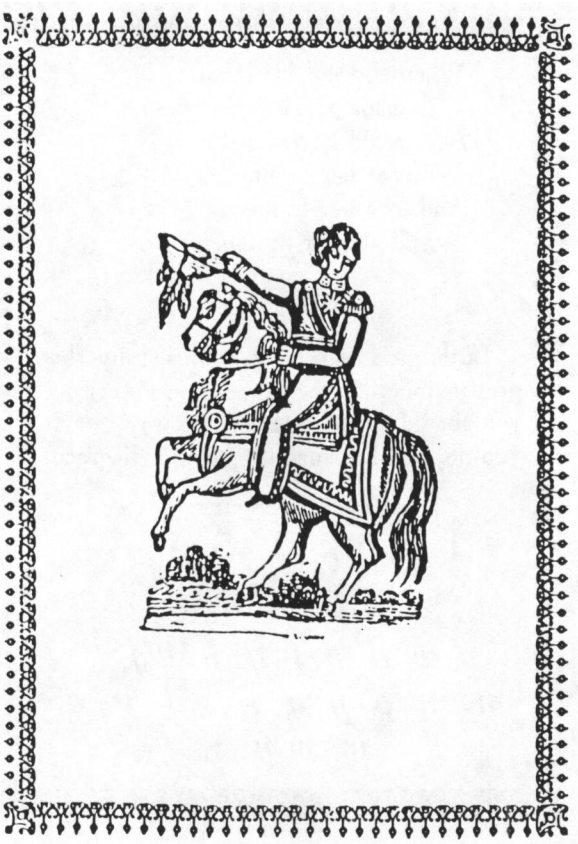
When she saw his teeth,
And his great gogle eyes;
She would have cried out,
But at her he flew,
And tore her to pieces,
And ate her up too.

Little girls and boys—you see by this pretty story, that when sent on an errand you should never loiter on the way, for if you do, you are sure to get into disgrace.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7
8 9 0.

a d c d e f g h i j k l
m n o p q r s t u v
w x y z.

This content downloaded from 216.165.126.13 on Wed, 17 Feb 2016 00:50:17 UTC
All use subject to JSTOR Terms and Conditions



This content downloaded from 216.165.126.13 on Wed, 17 Feb 2016 00:50:17 UTC
All use subject to JSTOR Terms and Conditions